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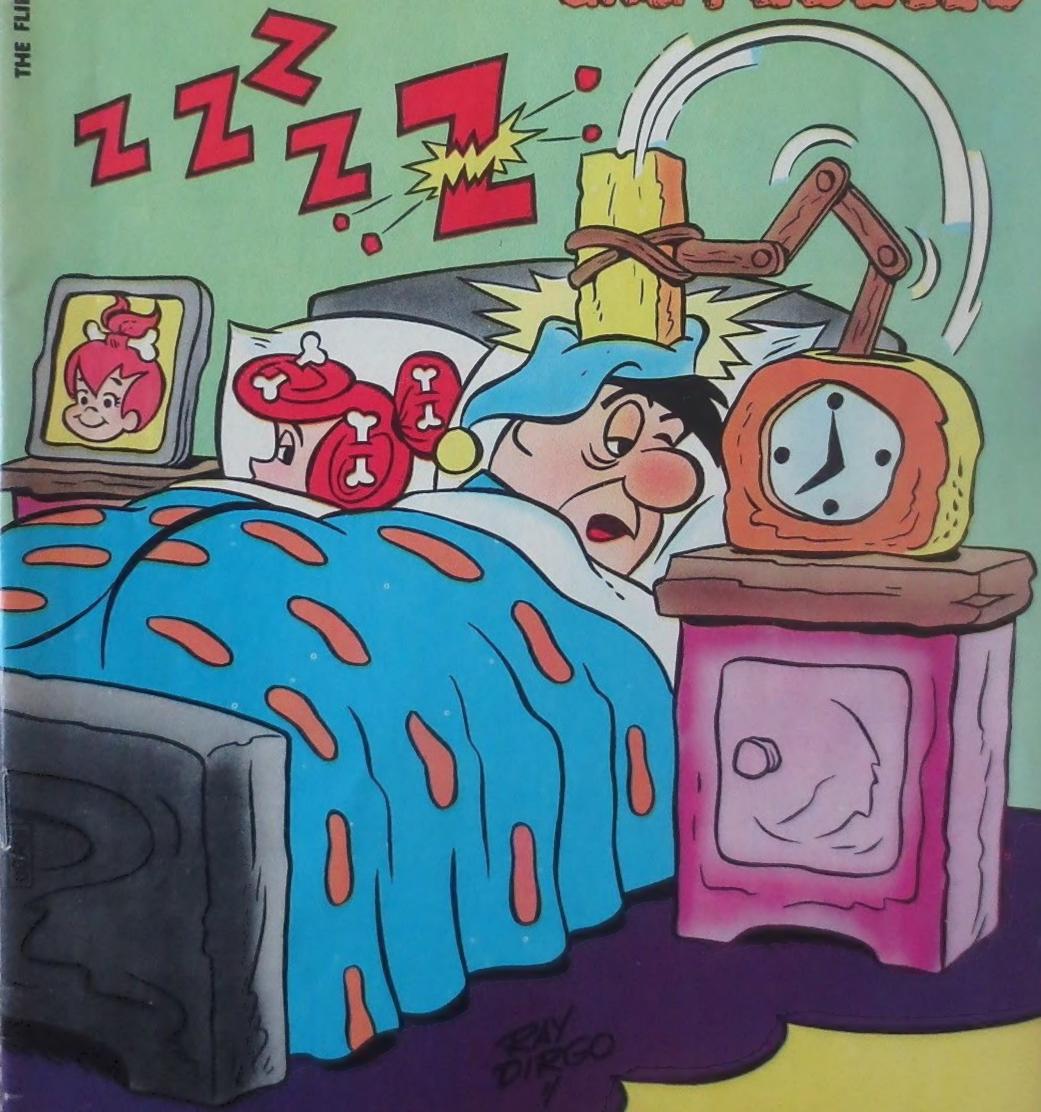
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THE FLINTSTONES & PEBBLES

ALL NEW STORIES and ART
a Hanna-Barbera Production

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The FLINTSTONES and PEBBLES



RAY
DIEGO

THE FLINTSTONES



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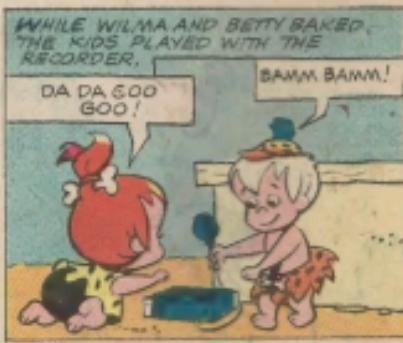




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YOU'RE AWAKE
ALREADY, FRED?

YES, WILMA, BUT I
HAVE TO LEAVE
RIGHT AWAY!



HERE'S A TERRIFIC SPEECH
ON TAPE, MR. SLATE! YOU'LL
LOVE EVERY WORD OF IT!



YOU WANT ME TO COME WITH
YOU TO THE PARTY, BOSS?

THEN IT WAS TIME FOR MRS. SLATE'S
SPEECH...

TWENTY-FOUR YEARS
AGO, DADA GOO GOO,
THE SLAVE DRIVERS
BAMM BAMM, WAS GOO,
FOUNDED AND BAMM
BAMM GOO GOO!

SOCIETY OF
SLAVE DRIVERS

ARRGHH! UUURKK! LAY OFF,
BOSS! I SWEAR I DIDN'T PLAY
A PRACTICAL JOKE! THE KIDS...
AAAAAA! DON'T KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED...

GRRRR!!
ARRGHH!

SOCIETY OF
SLAVE DRIVERS

END

LET'S PLAY PRETEND

by
THE MENDEZ

D-2/73

LET'S PLAY
PRETEND !



I'M THE REPORTER
AND YOU'RE THE
PRESIDENT.
O.K.?

O.K.



MR. PRESIDENT,
WHAT DO YOU
THINK ABOUT THE
UNEMPLOYMENT
PROBLEM?



WELL, I'M WORKING!



End

pin-up



D-2478

**COR
FED
HOT**



D-2477

THE FLINTSTONES

in...

THE MIGHTY HUNTERS

LOOKA THEM BOWS AND ARROWS,
BARNEY! I USED TO BE PRETTY GOOD!

SPORTING GOODS

HATS

D-2145

I'LL BET I'D BE A SECOND ROBIN HOOD IF I HAD ONE, FRED!



LET'S EACH BUY ONE! I'LL SHOW YOU
WHO'S THE REAL ROBIN HOOD!

OKAY, FRED! I THINK
I'LL BE BETTER
THAN YOU!

WE'LL TAKE TWO BOWS
AND A COUPLE DOZEN
ARROWS MY GOOD MAN!

IMMEDIATELY,
SIR!





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pin-up





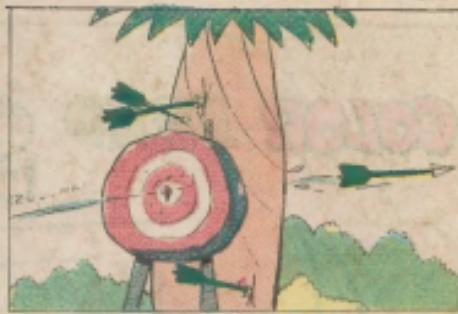


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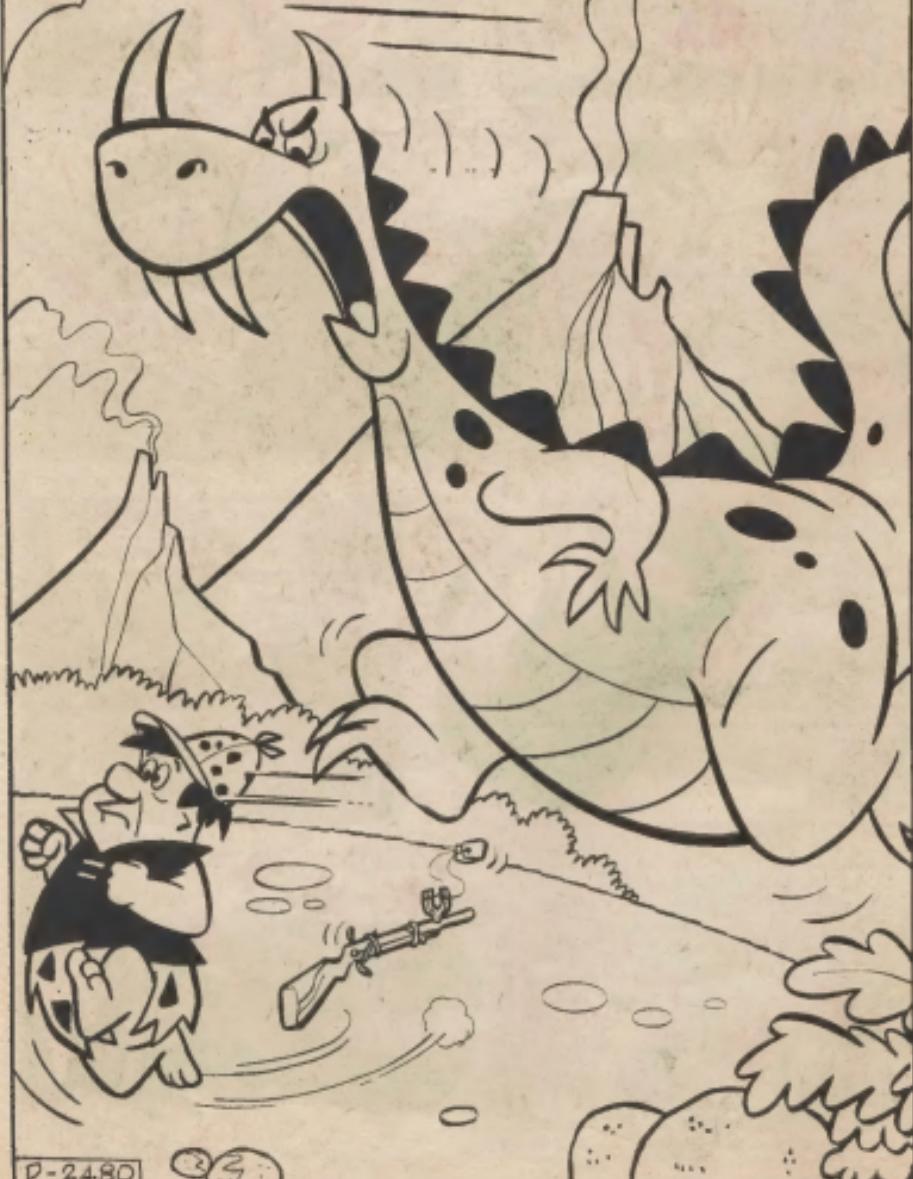








COLOR FRED SCARED!





Just

WHO ARE YOU

Ever have the feeling that you are not you? That even though you have a birth certificate, a name, and even a family, you have a peculiar feeling deep down inside of you. That you have lived some time in the past. Not as you but as an entirely different person. Perhaps you have even had this happen to you: You visit a place you have never been to before. And somehow it doesn't seem at all strange to you. In fact you find yourself somewhat against your own will going to some old house or museum. Something is directing you there.

Well, what is it? Would you say that you have lived in a previous period of time? You just can't place it. You might have been with the gold rushers of 1848. You even might have been with El Cid as he fought the many enemies of his king. Now let us go even a step further. Somebody asks a question. And you know the answer. But why and how did you know what to say? Was it you-or somebody else inside of you?

Take myself for example. I was born on May 17, 1936. The name on my birth certificate states that I am William Henry Pearson. My father was Frank Pearson. My mother's maiden name was Judith Marlow. I was educated in our local elementary and high school. Then went to an out of town small college. And came to the big city for a job. There were times when I would sit alone in a chair. And have a feeling I wasn't myself. I wasn't William Henry Pearson.

"There is a small circle with a dot on my right thumb," I once told my dad. "What does it mean?"

"Dr. Jones says it is a birthmark. Don't worry about it," was the reply.

Now let us go to the big city. I got a job there and enjoyed myself seeing the sights. One day I was in the Museum of Art. A guide was showing some people, including myself, some pictures from South America.

"You are standing before a picture painted in 1534 by Juan Mendoza. Showing the last of the rulers of the Peruvian Empire. Notice the hat he is wearing. And the rubies around his neck."

"That picture is a fraud," I suddenly found myself saying.

"That is not the hat of a ruler. Only the hat

worn by an ordinary noble at the court. And those aren't rubies at all. They are called blood stones. And if such a man existed, he would be showing his right thumb. With the mark of royalty on it."

Need I say that there was an argument. Next thing I knew I was in the office of Dr. Thomas Chase. He demanded my name and address. And where I worked. Even sort of threatened me for creating a disturbance.

"That picture is a fake," I insisted. "Go ahead and check on it."

Two weeks later my boss told me to go into his private office. Dr. Thomas Chase and another gentleman were there to see me. I was very much puzzled. I went inside and Dr. Thomas Chase spoke first to me.

"I want to apologize to you personally right now," he began.

"And with your permission I shall give the story to the Press. At a dinner you will be given a life time membership in our society of art experts. Mr. Alfredo Goraz has flown in from Peru. He is one of the leading collectors and experts on art from the period of the Peruvian Empire. He wishes to talk to you alone. So I will wait outside."

He was a very well built man. He looked at me and then took my thumb. He smiled.

"The official language of the ancient Peruvian Empire was Quechua," he said to me slowly. On my father's side I am a direct descendant who fought bravely against the Conquistadores. I speak the language. I will say something to you in it. Let me know if you understand me."

Strange as it seems, the sounds of the words were strange. Yet I knew exactly what he said to me:

"You are the spirit of our last ruler. If you touch my forehead I will bow before you in homage."

This I did and at once he fell down on his knees. Then he arose.

"A sum of money shall be deposited to your account in a bank here. You need not and should not work at all. When the time comes, it would be a great honor to us if you would visit me in my homeland which is also your homeland."

So who am I? Not an easy question to answer as you have seen.